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celebrating the joys of submission!

radiance

LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

WHO IS SHE?

Some of the essential sparks to support a kicking teenage gear. Dive in for an enchanting story.

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Hijabs, humps and helmets

Memoirs of a Syrian boy

Parents know better

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sneak a peek

You will be victorious, oh believers!

Assalamu Aleykum wa Rahmatullahi wa Barakatuh

The news is horrific, the pictures graphic; bodies burned to their bones, brains seeping out of heads — doesn't this all send us a strong signal that "pain is in the air"?

This has really been poking at my insides for the past few weeks, and I'm sure many of you too are worried over the plight of our Muslim brothers around the world. After all, as a Hadeeth too says, "The likeness of believers in regard to mutual love, affection and feeling is that of one body; when any limb of it aches, the whole body aches." (Muslim)

However, in these tough times of distress, Quran is there to lend us a ray of hope: "Do not lose heart (against your enemy) nor be sad, and you will be victorious if you are indeed believers." (Aal-e-Imran, 3:139)

Sadly, it is also true that a great number of people, even Muslims today, are immune to all of this. Perhaps there is nothing much that shocks most of us these days. However, the thing to be concerned about is that such incidents occur to not just test those who are under the immediate line of fire of massacre, but also to test each one of us. Through these intense episodes Allah ﷻ separates those who are with the enemies of Islam and those whose hearts beat for their fellow Muslims: "Give the hypocrites the good news that for them there is a painful punishment" (An-Nisa, 4: 138, 139)

To die in the name of Islam is no misfortune, it in fact is a blessing – an earnest desire of every true believer. But to close our eyes to our fellow Muslims pain and instead be on the side of the enemy is the real tragedy. There is no doubt in the fact that the enemies of Islam are playing an ugly and unfair game with us. Whereas, the media is there to flaunt a completely different picture of it all. However, the eye of a believer is the eye that seeks lessons and is ever vigilant.

Like when Hadhrat Amr bin Aas ؓ conquered Egypt, he very rightly warned: "Muslims, you have been victorious, Masajid have started being built, people are accepting Islam in great number... thus it does not look like the enemy will ever raise his head again. But always stay alert. You have many enemies near you and never are their hearts unaware of you. So your roots should be strong upon the teachings of Islam; your children, your homes and your institutes should have their basis on Islam. The moment you become distant from your *Deen,* the enemy will be able to attack you as they can never tolerate your success. Your roots will go loose if you start running after the luxuries of this life and become negligent of your religion."

On the authority of Thawbaan ؓ, the Rasulullah ﷺ said: "Soon will come a time when people will call one another to attack you as people, when eating, invite others to share their food." Someone asked, "Will that be because of our small numbers at that time?"

He replied, "No, you will be numerous at that time. But you will be like the bubbles and foam that is carried down by a torrent (of water), and Allah ﷻ will take away the fear of you from the chests (hearts) of your enemy and cast *al-wahn* into your hearts." Someone asked, "O Rasulullah ﷺ, what is *al-wahn?*"

He replied, "Love of the world and hate for death." (Abu Dawud and Ahmad)

Today, indeed the Muslims are no where less in number: there are more than 56 Islamic countries around the planet and many of them have the best of the wealth of the world. But yet the enemy can, Allah ﷻ forbid, succeed over us if we fail to diagnose and treat within ourselves the disease of *al-wahn* (love of the world and hate for death).

So as the pharaohs of the world go about their unjust wars, let's be mindful of not falling into the traps of this fleeting life. We should also most importantly keep praying for all our suffering Muslim brothers; for the innocent children, for those who have lost their loved ones, for those who have left this world, for every one of them. There is nothing radical in at least making dua for them; however, the impact can be huge *Insha'Allah*. May Allah ﷻ shower His Almighty assistance upon the Muslim Ummah. *Ameen.*

Wassalam,

Bint Zahid

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your say

Feedback for

The Radiance Club Workshop

Alhamdulillah! We received a great response for the workshop **'Winners and Losers'** by **Dr. Zeeshan Ahmed,** held on September 28, 2013 and the Radiance team was overjoyed. It was a great fun-filled event and your presence made it so, hence *Jazakumullahu kheiren* to everyone who attended. Here are some of the comments from our auspicious visitors.

It had been one of my best experiences. It felt good to come here and listen to a superb lecture. It gave me courage to spread my deen too.

Amna Hanif

Sindh Medical University

This workshop by Radiance magazine was amazing I believe. I learnt that even through a loss we can be winners only if we work according to Islam. And that the real win is Jannah.

Saniya Munir

CBM

I really liked the Radiance club's workshop. I learnt the real meaning of winning and losing in Islam that it is very different from what we believe and visualise in this life.

Marium Irfan

The Avicenna School O and A Levels

It was a good experience. I learnt how to achieve victory in this life and in the Hereafter. Thank you.

Hafsa Amin

DA College for women

I love the Radiance magazine and today's workshop was wonderful. It felt really great to be a part of it and I will spread the message of 'losing and winning' that I learnt today. *JazakAllah* for arranging it.

Amnah Maqbool Hakro
St Patrick School

I learnt that winning and losing are not what we think they are… they are the opposite. The winning will only come if our *imaan* is true and *taqwa* is strong.

Izzah Khan, class VII

The Intellect School

Today's experience was *Alhamdulillah* very fruitful and I learnt to forget the worldly successes in respect of the successes of the hereafter.

Khurram Saleem

I learnt a lot of new things and I wish I come again. Thank you so much for this workshop.

Maria Irfan, class V

The Intellect School

Awesome experience; I was excited about meeting everyone at Radiance and this lecture would certainly help all of us in our daily life.

Fatimah Nadeem, class IX

Springfield School

It was a pretty insightful workshop giving my definition of success a new perspective.

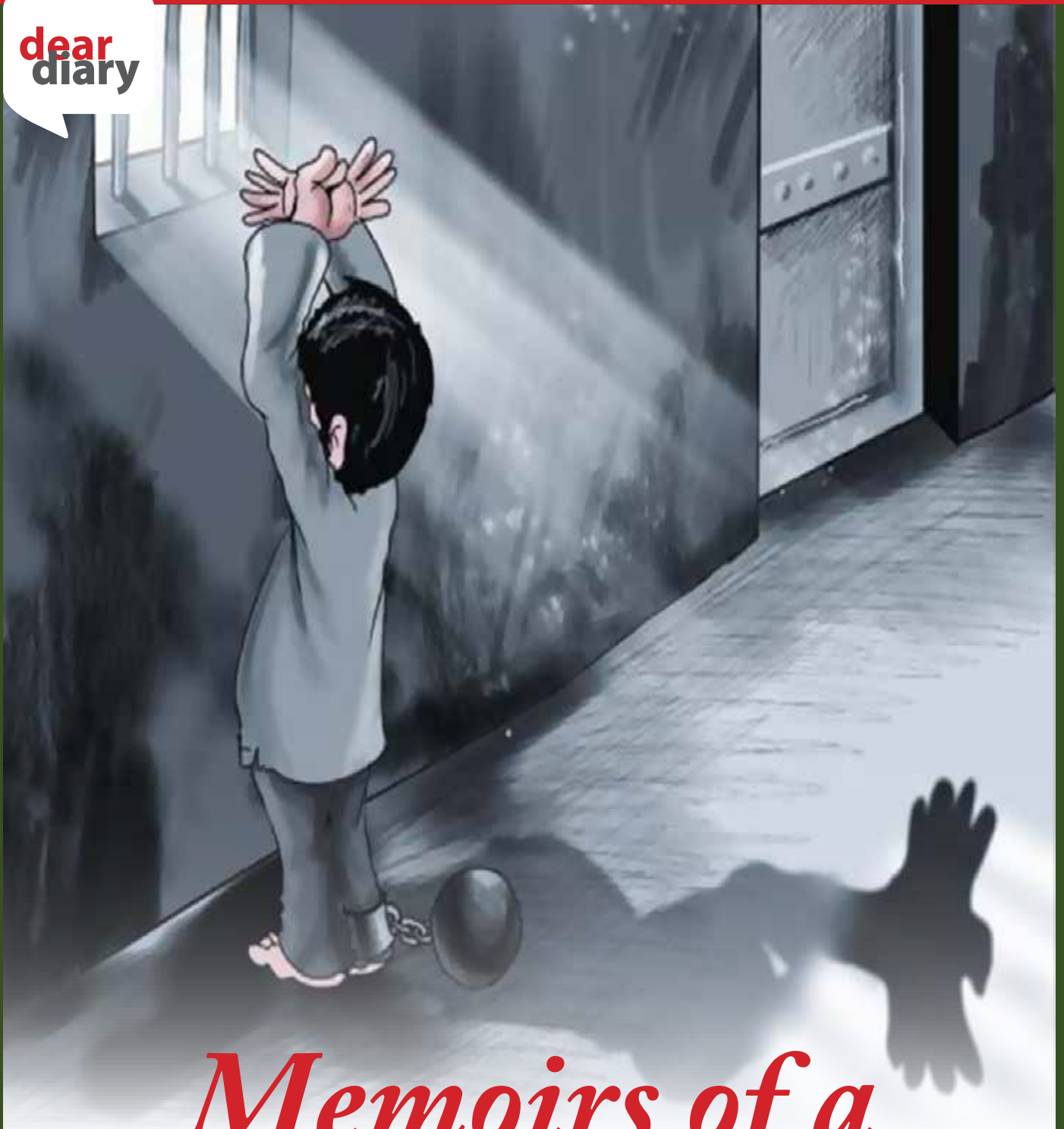
Safia Idrees

MBBS,
Ziauddin University

I have always liked Dr. Zeeshan's workshops. I have attended one before at Nakhlah and they are very encouraging. He did an awesome job in comparing what success is in this world and what success is from deen's point of view.

Marium Kamal

It was an exceptionally good workshop; refreshed my *Imaan*. The examples were great that I hadn't heard before.

Naeema Ambreen

Memoirs of a Syrian Boy

Mehrunisa Ijaz portrays touching memoirs of a Syrian boy, contemplating why can't he too like other children play outside without any fear, eat sweets and have a healthy meal, or sit on his father's lap and feel protected?

I laid underneath the silent sky, temporarily beaten by the dust, the stink of the open sewers flanking the slum and the scorching heat outside my palm-roofed hut. I watched in silence, the kids playing barefoot with a ragged football. I was lost in thoughts, reminiscing about my past. I had not known that my days with my family would end so fast, let alone end in such brutal, heart-wrenching way. Then I imagined what this place would have been like with clean air and water, with playgrounds, with the lights lit up in houses, where no child was born with birth defects and no child would die of respiratory diseases. My contemplation had been just brewing when a sudden commotion broke my train of thought. I turned my head to where the kids had been playing and saw the place full of the bloody, shredded body parts of the kids… must've been a grenade, I thought. I had become somewhat impassive to this everyday-massacre.

One inattentive moment of unconsciousness and the entire scene changed in a split second. I was in a daze; I have been thinking of a place with tranquility and harmony but I was no longer expecting that to happen. I was yet again overcome with fright after watching these innocent kids' blood spattered as far as I could see.

I was furious, hopeless and helpless. We did nothing to these Israeli soldiers and yet they bombed us. Why do our kids keep paying the price for the regional conflicts? Those children who suffer because of natural disasters get rescued. Why doesn't anyone come and liberate us from this man-made calamity? Where are the humanitarians who talk about civilization, who declare to protect human rights' and the liberty of the people to live in peace in their own country? Why are they watching in silence the physical, emotional and psychological suppression that we are enduring? Why are they so indifferent to this cruelty? What answer do they have for imprisoning my father? Do they have an answer to my mother giving birth to my stillborn sister at a checkpoint? Or shooting my mother at a checkpoint? They weren't satisfied with two bullets so they ran near her and shot two bullets in her head from ONE step away. What answer do they have for that? What possible harm could she have done them that they shot twenty bullets in her body! What answer do they have to make me a homeless vagabond? Why the restricted road movements, the physical maltreatment, the severe closures, the curfews, the families subjected to murder and injury?

> “Instead of looking for my school bag, books and toys, I look in the garbage cans for leftover food.

Growing up in the Israeli occupation, witnessing these killings and enduring the oppression have made me lose my childhood and innocence. I'm just a twelve year old boy who wants to play outside freely, without any fear, who wants to eat sweets and chocolates or at least have a healthy meal. Instead of looking for my school bag, books and toys, I look in the garbage cans for leftover food. The nightmares, the fear and the distress have made me an insomniac. I starve but witnessing the massacres makes me lose my appetite. I want to sit on my father's lap and feel protected. I want to play around with him, giving me a piggyback ride. I want to lay in my mother's warm embrace at night and sleep while she's in the middle of a bedtime story. I want to wake up with the voice of my mother telling me I'm getting late for school. I want to know what it is like to be an elder brother. I want to ask my mother to make me my favourite dish and wait impatiently for it. But what I get is living the hardships that no adult even wants to imagine himself in. The severe brutality has diminished my spirit to struggle even to get myself something to eat. But then again nobody cares as I soliloquy. I too will die the deaths I have witnessed. And the world will watch this all in silence for Allah ﷻ knows how many decades.●

Sometimes in order to help, He makes us cry.

Happy the eye that sheds tears for His sake.

Fortunate the heart that burns for His sake.

Laughter always follows tears.

Blessed are those who understand.

Life blossoms wherever water flows.

Where tears are shed, divine mercy is shown.

***Maulana Rumi rahimahullah,* "Mathnawi"**

Parents know better

Hajra Salman Omer helps us understand why parents always know better

With a frustrated sigh Zainab switched off her cell phone and turned back to her best friend, "What were you saying?"

Her friend shook her head and said, "Forget what I was saying. Tell me, who is calling you again and again?"

"Uh… just a wrong number," Zainab shrugged deceptively.

"I just hate wrong numbers. You can get the number blocked by the way," her friend recommended.

"How I wish I could!" Zainab mumbled under her breath and changed the topic.

Zainab had been dreading the thought of going home. She wasn't surprised to see both her parents had come to pick her up and that they had come an hour early. Making a face she jumped into the car and started counting to ten. She knew the lecture

Your Lord has ordered you to worship none except him, and to be good to your parents. if either or both of them attain old age with you, do not say: "fie on you", nor rebuke them, but speak to them with words of respect. And lower to them the wing of humbleness out of mercy and say: "my lord, be merciful to them, as they raised me since I was little."

(Al-Israh : 23-24)

would come in ten seconds.

Three… four… five… six…

"Zainab, why didn't you pick our calls; we were so worried!" finally, her mother exclaimed.

"I would have picked your call but you called four times in one hour!" Zainab protested.

"That is because we worry about you, honey," her mother tried to explain.

"Why do you have to get concerned so much? Did you think I was in a sanatorium when I did not accept your call?" Zainab snapped.

"Young lady, if you won't pick our call next time, and if you maintain this rude attitude, I am afraid you will not be allowed to visit your friends," her father warned.

Zainab opened her mouth to argue but watching her father's set jaw, she closed her mouth and stared out of the window…

After dinner, Zainab was still in a bad mood. Her parents always worried a bit too much about her. Where was she, what she was doing, when she would be back; the questions were endless.

She also had restrictions placed on her: not allowed to go out with any friend or even with the friend's whole family, not allowed to make new friends unless approved by her mother.

It was absolutely irritating for Zainab. She loved her parents immensely but disliked their overprotective nature.

'Maybe they should have a taste of their own medicine!' She thought disloyally.

The next day, she dialed her close friend Marzia's number.

"Marzia… can you come pick me up? I can't come by myself. Thank you so much!" Zainab whispered into her phone.

"Ammi, I am going at a friend's house. She is coming to pick me. *Allah Hafiz!*" she informed her mother and without waiting to hear her mother's reply, hurried off.

"Wait... Zainab! What... where… With whom… Zainab, wait!" Her mother's sentence was left incomplete and unheard.

Zainab and Marzia spent the whole day at Samar's house. Samar was a cousin of Marzia.

> *"Making a face she jumped into the car and started counting to ten. She knew the lecture would come in ten seconds.*
>
> *Three… four… five… six*

Hours flew by, and before they knew it, the whole day had passed. Zainab had deliberately left her mobile at her house.

They were having dinner when they first heard the sirens. The noise didn't eventually fade but instead grew even louder as the police van parked just outside Samar's house.

"Oh no, oh no… how embarrassing! Couldn't they have come in a helicopter?" Zainab thought unsympathetically, watching her parent's tear stained faces as they climbed down the police car.

"Let me open the door," Zainab told Samar and, pushing her aside, yanked open the door.

"Zainab *beta!*" her mother squeezed her in a tight hug, and for an instant Zainab felt guilty for making her parents worry so much.

"Ammi…" Zainab started, then she remembered her friends were near and a policeman was also there.

"You came with the police. See, I am just having dinner here, a normal humanly thing," Zainab told them.

Her parents looked at the police officer helplessly. On their way they had told the policeman that Zainab was irritated by their overprotection and they had also told him the reason for their overprotection…

The police officer sighed, "I see you haven't told Zainab the truth."

"Th-The truth?" Zainab stammered in a confused voice.

"Now, young lady, you have created a lot of havoc for your parents, causing them to lose their sleep. Just keep quiet while I tell you about Nofil. Nofil is your brother and he was kidnapped when you were just learning to talk and he was eleven years old. He was kidnapped by your grandfather's sworn enemies. They have vanished and have not been found yet."

"I…didn't know!" It was all Zainab could utter.

She stood gaping, feeling shame, guilt and immense sadness washing over her.

So dear friends, parents know best what is wrong and what is right for us. Sometimes there are things they don't tell us, that too for our own good. In those times, we should trust them and never ever disobey them. ●

How does fire change its colour?

Fire is usually yellow but light a stove and you'll also find blue, violet, green and red in there. Most things that burn contain the element carbon. It burns by combining with oxygen to make carbon dioxide. But almost always some of the carbon is not completely burned and comes off as a black smoke. While the carbon particles are in the hot flame, they give a yellow glow. So, most fires are yellow.

For some things, like burning wood, other colours besides yellow may appear in the flames. They come mostly from minerals in the wood. Although they do not burn, some metals give off special colours when they get hot. In fact, colour in a flame is used by chemists as tests for some metals. Here is a list of a few elements with their colours in a flame:

sodium - yellow

potassium - violet

copper - green

strontium - red

Interesting Riddles

If you have it, you want to share it. If you share it, you don't have it. What is it?

The day before two days after the day before tomorrow is Saturday. What day is it today?

What doesn't exist, but has a name?

Feed me and I live, yet give me a drink and I die.

I am the black child of a white father, a wingless bird, flying even to the clouds of heaven. I give birth to tears of mourning in pupils that meet me, even though there is no cause for grief, and at once on my birth I am dissolved into air. What am I?

What is yours but your friends use it more than you do?

Never was, am always to be. No one ever saw me, nor ever will. And yet I am the confidence of all, to live and breathe on this terrestrial ball. What am I?

The more you have of it, the less you see. What is it?

Answers

A secret.
Friday
Nothing
Fire
Smoke
Your name
Future
Darkness

Find 6 differences

Number Jokes

Why was 6 afraid of 7?
Because: 7 8 9

How do you make seven an even number?
By removing S from seven.

What did 0 say to 8?
Nice belt!

Which flower talks the most?
Tulips, of course, because they have two lips!

story nory

Who is she?

Part 1 of 2

Who is she? So ordinary yet truly amazing! An enlightening story of a young Muslim and the effective habits that she fabulously exhibits wherever she treads

The party was devoid of music or intermingling amongst people of different genders, although there were a lot of non-Muslims invited too. You could hardly tell who was a Muslim and who was not—it wasn't as if the non-Muslims were Europeans or easy-to-spot foreigners. They were all dressed in shalwar kameez, like the Muslims. But the Muslim girls mostly wore tight-fitted, sleeveless and stylish clothes, and a lot of the girls even didn't wear *dupattas.*

I noticed her when she accidently bumped into a girl much younger than her, probably around eleven or twelve. The other girl, dressed in Capri trousers and a sleeveless shirt, had been running around, and it was basically her fault for running blindly into a passage crowded with people.

"I'm so sorry," she apologised sincerely, "I hope I didn't hurt you?"

"Um… no… I'm sorry?" The other girl was probably following her example; it would be awfully rude not to say sorry even when it was her fault.

"It's okay, you were just running around. Are you sure I didn't hurt you?"

"Yeah."

"Okay then," she smiled brightly now, *"Assalamu Aleykum."*

"Waleykum Assalam?" The other girl was even more confused.

With a nod, the strange teen started moving forward. I discreetly followed her, observing her as she greeted every woman she passed with the same *"Assalamu Aleykum"*, unless someone was eating, drinking, talking, or busy in some work. She didn't say anything then.

It was as if I was mesmerised by her demeanour and couldn't help take off my eyes from her. She was wearing a light coloured dress that had a little embroidery on the hem. The dress actually looked a little informal compared to the flashing dresses of every single person around her. The sleeves were full, contrary to the half or three-quarter sleeves that were in. Anyone who wasn't wearing dresses with sleeves of those two forms wore sleeveless dresses. From what I could see of her dress (her dupatta was wrapped around her head in the way my mother did sometimes when she was offering prayers, and covered her upper body almost till her waist) it was quite baggy; I couldn't gauge if she was thin, round or skinny. The shirt was also not outrageously short or long, as was the trend, but it covered her knees. She was also not wearing trousers, Capri pants, tights or choori-dar pajamas—her baggyish shalwar covered her ankles. The only jewelry she had was a silver watch in her left hand. Once again clashing with the latest trends, her feet were encased in black paper socks, and flat-heeled, silver-studded sandals.

She stopped at a table where one or two older ladies sat with two girls of her age, who were all dressed according to the latest fashion. (I recognised a few of them from very distant acquaintances of my grandmother). She greeted them and sat down, albeit I could sense a tiny bit of reluctance on her face (I sat down close enough to see her face

> *"You know, for all she talks bad about Hamna, Sara isn't particularly pretty either. I mean, even you look prettier than her, even in your awful outfit. You should consult a designer you know. No offense."*

and hear their conversations).

"Hey!" The girl on her right greeted her with forced enthusiasm, "I didn't expect to see you here!"

"*Assalamu Aleykum*, baji. Ammi couldn't come, so she sent me instead. How's Phoppo?" She answered politely and cordially.

(How odd! Someone of such high status being related with someone so… plain…)

"How many times have I told you not to call me baji!?"

"Oh, forget it, Sara," the other girl interrupted, "you know, Sara, your best friend Hamna was there at the party yesterday, and she was telling someone about you."

(Eavesdropper!)

"Oh! Did you hear what she said?"

"I was sitting a little far, but I did manage to catch that she certainly wasn't complimenting you."

(Tatter-tale too!)

"Oh my God! Hamna, that little… She's so attention-seeking and greedy! I bet she only hangs out with me because I'm so popular. You know, Fatima, the other day, Hamna was wearing this black dress and showing off like she was a princess. She looked like a hag."

The second girl giggled, "Seriously, she's so fat! It's a wonder she can fit into designer clothes at all."

"Trust me, I know."

The girl whom I had been following all this while was looking around as if for a distraction, a small crease between her brows.

"And if she thinks she can backbite about me and get away with it, she can just go to hell. I don't care about her."

The girl was definitely frowning now.

(What was there to be so upset about? I would do the same thing if my best friend nagged about me behind my back: ditch her!)

"Oh, I just remembered, Sara, did you hear that new song by ----?"

"No, I wanted to but my net stopped working and I couldn't download it."

"You should really watch the video too, the singer looks really good in it! He's so good-looking, I wish I could marry him!"

(Back off! He's mine!)

"You know," the two girls turned to their odd cousin, "you should listen to some songs too, because you're totally a social misfit if you don't."

"Seriously," the first girl, Sara, (what a totally common name) agreed. "You haven't even watched a single movie from the latest Saga."

(Whoa! Nuts or something? What teenage girl doesn't watch movies!?)

"Watching TV and listening to music is forbidden in our religion, baji. You should avoid listening to it too. It corrupts the mind and—"

(Really? She was just in her late teens! Teenage is for enjoying life, silly! You don't sit around preaching, you party and have fun!)

"—whatever, you're a totally lost cause."

I saw anger flash on the girl's face before she suppressed it and continued looking around, even more desperate for a distraction.

"Damn it! I just remembered, I need to get my camera from my brother to take photos!" The girl called Sara stood up and rushed off, and her tell-tale friend leaned in towards the girl conspiringly.

"You know, for all she talks bad about Hamna, Sara isn't particularly pretty either. I mean, even you look prettier than her, even in your awful outfit. You should consult a designer you know. No offense."

The girl nodded and looking around, brightened.

"Excuse me, I have to go meet someone. I'll see you again, *Insha'Allah. Assalamu Aleykum Warahmatullahi Wabarakatuh.*"

"Whatever. We'll have more people at the table when the food is served, so don't bother coming here."

The girl nodded and as she started heading towards the back of the hall, I stood up and followed her. She stopped at a table near the very end to cheerfully greet a very fat old woman.

"Sit and have dinner with me, *beta*," the woman's invitation was obviously only an empty formality (even an old fat woman couldn't be seen with someone so simple… ugh… I felt sorry for her).

"*Jazakillah*, aunty, but if you wouldn't mind I'd like to keep them company," she gestured further towards the back of the hall, "I still haven't met any of them."●

Continued Insha'Allah…

When You Look At Me

by **Bint Saleem Hasan**

Jamiatul Abrar lilbanaat

Hateful glances and mysterious whispers,
Frowned faces and mislead thinkers.
To them, I must seem in a pitiful state,
Covered all over, oh what a terrible fate!
Probably suffocating under that horrid veil,
And sweating profusely with a face so pale.
Oppressed and subjugated is her life,
Her dealings dreadful and full of strife.
Why is she so humiliated by her femininity?
Hasn't she the right to expose herself and be free?
Her feelings are caged within her dress,
Her broken heart is a total mess.
But why not ask the one who wears it,
Instead of yourself passing judgments over it.
Think I'm forced? Think I'm dejected?
Think that my soul is shredded and neglected?
Not at all! Instead I'm proud of what I wear,
It keeps me safe from that dreaded stare.
My black dress is more precious to me,
Than the dresses in any shopping spree.
I'm like the pearl protected and concealed,
Deep in the oceans and cautiously revealed.
My beauty is meant only for some,
Not everyone deserves its gleam 'n' fun.
I'm totally liberal and extremely pleased,
My beloved Hijab is a sign of my creed.

Changing the World

By **Bint Abdul Rauf**

If you want this world to change
Being ridiculed is not so strange
Start by setting an example
Even if you get trampled
Never give up, never give in
For one day you will win
And change the world for the better
So don't let your dreams ever shatter
Move forward with everything you have got
And you will achieve what you sought.

How well do you know your Asia?

How many of us groan and growl in desperation when given a map to label and locations to memorise? Well, memorising locations and labeling maps is not as difficult as we think it is. In fact, it is an activity most people enjoy, especially those with inquisitive and adventurous minds.

So let's get started and check out how well do you know your Asia. Label each coloured part of the map below separately, and make sure you don't steal a look into the labeled answer map under it or else the fun will be lost.

Happy mapping!

Label this map

Labeled Answer Map

The Aadaab of Sleeping

Compiled by ***Bint Younus***

Do Miswaak before sleeping.

It is *Mustahab* (desirable) to sleep in a state of wudhu.

Change your clothes before sleeping.

Dust your bed three times before sleeping.

If it is possible, sleep on your right side with your face towards the Qiblah, placing your hand underneath your right cheek, keeping your knees slightly bent.

Pray Ayat-ul-kursi. It is a Sunnah to read the 3 Quls (Surah, Ikhlaas, Falaq and Naas) 3 times and each time blowing on your hands and dusting on your body.

Pray the Masnoon Dua before sleeping and after waking up.

Do not sleep on your stomach.

If you see a bad dream, then make a spitting noise on your left three times. Pray *Ta'awwuz* and change your sleeping position. Do not mention your bad dream to anyone.

It is a Sunnah to rub your eyes after waking up. ●

Migration to Abyssinia

Jafar Abi Talib ﷺ stood up to explain how beautifully Islam had shaped their lives, writes ***Bint Abdul Jabbar***

The Makkans had been relentless in their every attempt to get rid of Islam from Makkah and to persecute Muslims and Prophet ﷺ. Many new converts who were mostly slaves and poor were martyred whilst others faced different forms of abuse and mistreatments. However despite all the sufferings no one ever turned their backs against the truth and showed strong steadfastness.

The Prophet ﷺ then commanded a small group of Muslims to make *Hijrah* to Abyssinia, a Christian country which was safe as there would be no one to mistreat them there. This place was ruled by a fair and just king, Negus. The Muslims wanted to secretly migrate to that place so that they could live and worship in peace. When the first group of twelve men and four women left, the Makkans found out and tried chasing the small group. The Muslims arrived at a seaport where there was a ship ready to depart. They managed to get on it and left. The Makkans arrived late and got furious as the Muslims had escaped.

The Makkans had hoped that the Muslims would be expelled from Abyssinia but they soon learned that they were being treated very well. They grew even more furious and their persecution kept increasing against the remaining Muslims. Then the Prophet ﷺ commanded another group of Muslims to migrate. This time, the group was a larger one with a little above two hundred Muslims. The Muslims had to be careful as the Makkans were watching their steps and also because it was a large group. By Allah's ﷻ will the Muslim managed to escape from the watchful gazes of the Makkans, maddening them beyond limit. The Makkans then decided they would send a small group of negotiators to bring back the Muslims who had left. They planned that they would explain Negus how the Muslims had abandoned the religion of their forefathers and ask him to return the Muslims to Arabia and let the Makkans deal with them.

The king then summoned the Muslims to his court to hear them out, to listen to what they had to say. The Muslims feared nothing because they knew that what they had was nothing but the truth. Jafar Abi Talib ﷺ stood up to explain how beautifully Islam had shaped their lives. He explained to Negus that how the existence of Islam in their lives had stopped them from conducting the evil acts. He explained how they had now learnt that they had been neglecting all their responsibilities to their fellow men, neighbours, the poor and the orphans. They learnt that justice, charity, kindness and compassion didn't exist among them before. All this they learnt only when Islam and its radiant teachings entered their lives. Jafar ﷺ also told Negus that they had been enlightened about Islam by Allah's Prophet Muhammad ﷺ, his good character and how he could not tell such lies. Jafar ﷺ told Negus that as more and more people accepted Islam they began suffering at the hands of the Makkans. He also told how the Muslims had been persecuted all this time and how the Muslims had come to Abyssinia to seek refuge and live in peace. Negus was very satisfied with the answer.

But then two of the Makkans went up to Negus to disappoint him and said that Islam spoke ill of Jesus. Negus questioned the Muslims about the status of Jesus in Islam. Jafar ﷺ then recited a few verses of Surah Maryam. Negus was very impressed after learning what status Jesus had in Islam. Negus then ordered the Makkans out of Abyssinia and allowed the Muslims to stay for as long as they liked.

This shocked the Makkans greatly. They started the mistreatment of the Muslims once again after getting back to Makkah. They tried pressurising Abu Talib to stop his nephew from his 'doings' but remained unsuccessful. They tried to make life difficult for Muhammad ﷺ. Then something happened that the Muslims became stronger and much happier. Two prominent Makkans accepted Islam leaving the Makkans extremely shocked.

Continued Insh'Allah…

A chemist's dilemma

Can I take your drink order?

I'm a chemist, so I'll just have some H_2O

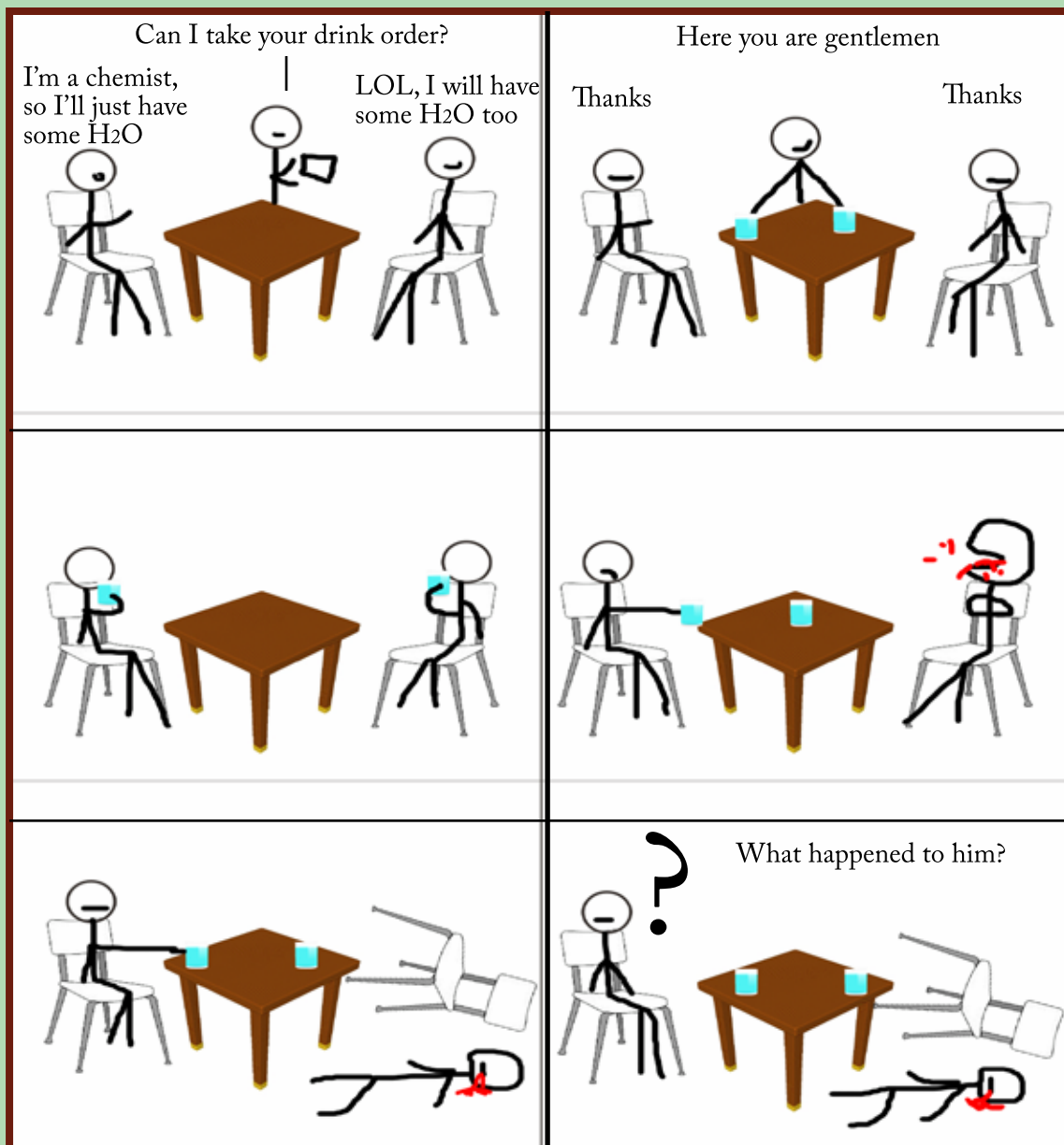
LOL, I will have some H_2O too

Here you are gentlemen

Thanks

Thanks

?

What happened to him?

Water in the Cup

A man in a restaurant asked a waiter for a juice glass, a dinner plate, water, a match, and a lemon wedge. The man poured enough water onto the plate to cover it.

"If you can get the water on the plate into this glass without touching or moving this plate, I will give you $100," the man said. "You can use the match and lemon to do this."

A few minutes later, the waiter walked away with $100 in his pocket. How did the waiter get the water into the glass?

Answers on pg 21

Hijabs, humps and helmets

Contributed by ***Dania Chinoy***

Allah ﷻ will be very angry and displeased with those women who have hairstyles shaped like a camel's hump, resulting in preventing them from entering into Jannah (Heaven). This could also attract the Curse of Allah ﷻ - UNLESS THEY REPENT.

Prohet Muhammed ﷺ said: "There are two groups from amongst the dewellers of Jahannam (Hell) whom I have not seen. Some people who have whips like tails of cows (i.e very thick) with which they beat people, and women covering their bodies yet naked, who flirt and attract, whose heads are like the humps of camels. They will not enter Jannnah (Paradise), nor will they enjoy its fragrance, even though its fragrance can be smelt from such and such distance.

First group are the tyrant muslim rulers and the second group is that of immodestly dressed and flirting women, whose sole aim is to be the centre of attraction within the community. The sins of both groups will push them towards Jahannam (Hell).

Fragrance of Jannah (Heaven) will be enjoyed by the pious when they will be in the plain of resurrection, waiting for judgement to commence. Jannah (Heaven) will be brought closer and Jahannam (Hell) will be pulled forward. The pious will enjoy the cool breeze of Jannah (Heaven) and its fragrance from a distance of 500 years. Whereas the others will be terrified at the sight of Jahannam (Hell).

Moral: Lead a simple life, dress modestly and follow the pious ladies of the past!!

leading lights

Hadhrat Umar رضي الله عنه

The second rightly guided caliph of Islam

Bint Aftab uplifts our spirits by presenting to us the remarkable personality of the second Caliph of Islam, Hadhrat Umar Farooq رضي الله عنه

What politician, president, king and indeed a ruler of any kind would roam the streets at night, on the lookout for trouble or anyone in need of help? Which ruler, indeed, would willingly offer help to anyone who asked him for it, even if it was a task as lowly as carrying a load or cleaning someplace? What ruler would hide his face from the world as he travelled the town in the dark so that he would not be recognised while helping someone, instead of proudly revealing to the world what gracious acts he committed? What ruler, while hiding his identity, would sit and talk to the common people and inquire about their everyday life?

Undoubtedly, these qualities can only be possessed by the ruler who conquered two-thirds of the world and yet lived so simply that when he travelled, he never carried a tent, and instead hitched a cloth by a tree to form a shelter and put his walking stick under his neck when he needed to rest. His enemies trembled at the mere mention of his name, yet his simplicity was such that sometimes eight, sometimes eleven and sometimes even more than eleven patches were seen on his clothes.

Ameer-ul-Momineen, Hadhrat Umar bin Khattaab, is famous for many things, and one of these is his nightly wanderings in the city and numerous incidents during those wanderings.

One such incident occurred when he was returning from Syria, while alone roaming the streets, he encountered a very old woman, and as was his habit, Hadhrat Umar inquired about the woman's health and life.

She answered, "What kind of a man is Umar, who is your Ameer-ul-Momineen? Since he has been appointed as Caliph, I have not received a single penny."

Hadhrat Umar listened quietly to the woman's complaints concerning him, and replied, "What would Umar know about you? Why have you not informed him of your troubles?"

"He is the Ameer-ul-Momineen. He should inquire about the state of every person at every place from East to West!" The woman exclaimed fervently, causing Ameer-ul-Momineen to weep.

Still crying, the Caliph said, "I pity Umar. Well, what will you take to forgive Umar for his cruelty to you?"

"Don't joke around and make fun of my troubles!" The aged woman replied sharply.

"I'm not joking around, and neither am I making fun of you," Hadhrat Umar assured her seriously.

This conversation continued when Hadhrat Ali and Hadhrat Ibn Masood approached them. They greeted Hadhrat Umar with *"Assalam-o-Alaikum* O Ameer-ul-Momineen!" causing the aged woman to gasp sharply. She had been insulting none other than the Caliph, Ameer-ul-Momineen Hadhrat Umar Farooq at his face!

Hadhrat Umar assured her, "You did nothing wrong by pointing out my flaws. It doesn't matter."

Then he had the following line written on a piece of leather, "Umar had his cruelty to this elder forgiven in return for twenty five gold coins, and now she cannot claim on the Day of Judgment that Umar was cruel to her and didn't ask for forgiveness," and he had Hadhrat Ali and Ibn Masood swear witness to it.

> *"What ruler would hide his face from the world as he travelled the town in the dark so that he would not be recognised while helping someone, instead of proudly revealing to the world what gracious acts he committed?*

Such was the character of Hadhrat Umar that instead of chiding her when she spoke ill of him in front of him, he wept over his mistake and pleaded her forgiveness while not even revealing who he was! Such was his kindness, generosity, simplicity, frugality, gentleness, mercy and humility that even a ruler such as Umar, did not find it odd or beneath his stature to talk to or even ask forgiveness from a poor old woman. Hazrat Umar, whose caliphate if had lasted two years longer would have consisted of the entire world, was not embarrassed and ashamed of talking to an aged, poor, woman, while the Muslims of today pointedly look away if an acquaintance who is not of the same social class tries to gain their attention at a public event.

It is no wonder that we only find such examples of piety and humility in books, no wonder that the world of today is troubled by diseases, droughts, famines, natural disasters, wars and killings. If we are unable to find one person in a thousand, or even more, who does not mind wearing patched up clothes in the public despite his social standing, how can we expect Allah to be as happy with us and bless us as He blessed our noble role-models? How, indeed, can we expect to have peace, fortune and calm in our lives?

Let us then vow to follow our true role-models and do our best to recreate these examples of piety, humility and closeness to Allah that graced the personality of Hadhrat Umar. ●

Answers from pg 18

A chemist's dilemma

The second person said I want H_2O too, which the waiter took as H_2O_2 i.e. hydrogen peroxide. Unsurprisingly one would die after drinking hydrogen peroxide.

Water in a Cup

First, the waiter stuck the match into the lemon wedge, so that it would stand straight. Then he lit the match, and put it in the middle of the plate with the lemon. Then, he placed the glass upside-down over the match. As the flame used up the oxygen in the glass, it created a small vacuum, which sucked in the water through the space between the glass and the plate. Thus, the waiter got the water into the glass without touching or moving the plate.

The Time Killed

by ***Areeba Naveed***
Class 8
The Intellect School

Once, there was a girl named Haya. Her mother was always interested in brands and clothing but Haya was not interested in it at all. One day her mother's friend planned to go to an exhibition of all the brands in a hotel. As there was no one at home to take care of Haya, her mother always took her to these shopping trips too. Haya pleaded to her mother not to go but she did not listen to her and harshly said, "Haya, what is the problem with you? I am your mother, you are not my mother."

With that her mother left angrily. Haya got really sad and disappointed.

Days passed like this; her mother going one place or the other.... just for fun. One day her mom wanted to go somewhere 'really important' and she had to take Haya with her as no one was there at home to stay with her. Haya had her hardest paper the next day and she was very worried as to how would she prepare.

Then at another time, it was Haya's cousin's wedding. Her mom volunteered to design the bride's clothes and do her shopping; all during Haya's exams. With great reluctance, Haya used to go to the markets and boutiques with her mother.

Now when Haya's result came it was totally out of expectation for a bright student like her. Due to all of that precious time being wasted, Haya's grades had lowered miserably. On top of it all, what was truly sad was that all that time went down the drain; without causing any gain whatsoever. Her mother realised her mistake and vowed not to waste her time in shopping ever again.

Prophet's enemy accepts Islam

by ***Waqqas Khan***

(English Language Course Level-1), Jamia Bait us salam

There was an old woman in Makkah who hated the Prophet Muhammad ﷺ, Nauzubillah. Every morning when he passed by her house, she would empty a basket of rubbish on his head from the upper storey of her house. He ﷺ never grumbled or said anything to her.

One day she was ill and in bed when the Prophet ﷺ passed by her house. Surprised that no rubbish had been emptied on his head, he thought she must be ill and went upstairs to inquire how she was. The women was very frightened. She thought he had come to quarrel with her.

When he said he had come to inquire after her health she began to cry. "What a good man you are!" She sobbed, "I ill-treated you and you inquire after my health! Teach me your religion. Teach me your way of life."

Coming up next in December

Teen's deen

Two hours past my teens

Musing of a young man over how it feels having to say goodbye to one's teenage forever.

Fresh pens

To boldly go...

A letter to my smoking uncle.

misty mirrors

Buying love

A story portraying how they are just the little things that can easily buy us love.

dear dairy

The brightest career choice

A student struggling to decide what career choice to opt for and then finally ending up in the beautiful world of Sacred Islamic Learning.

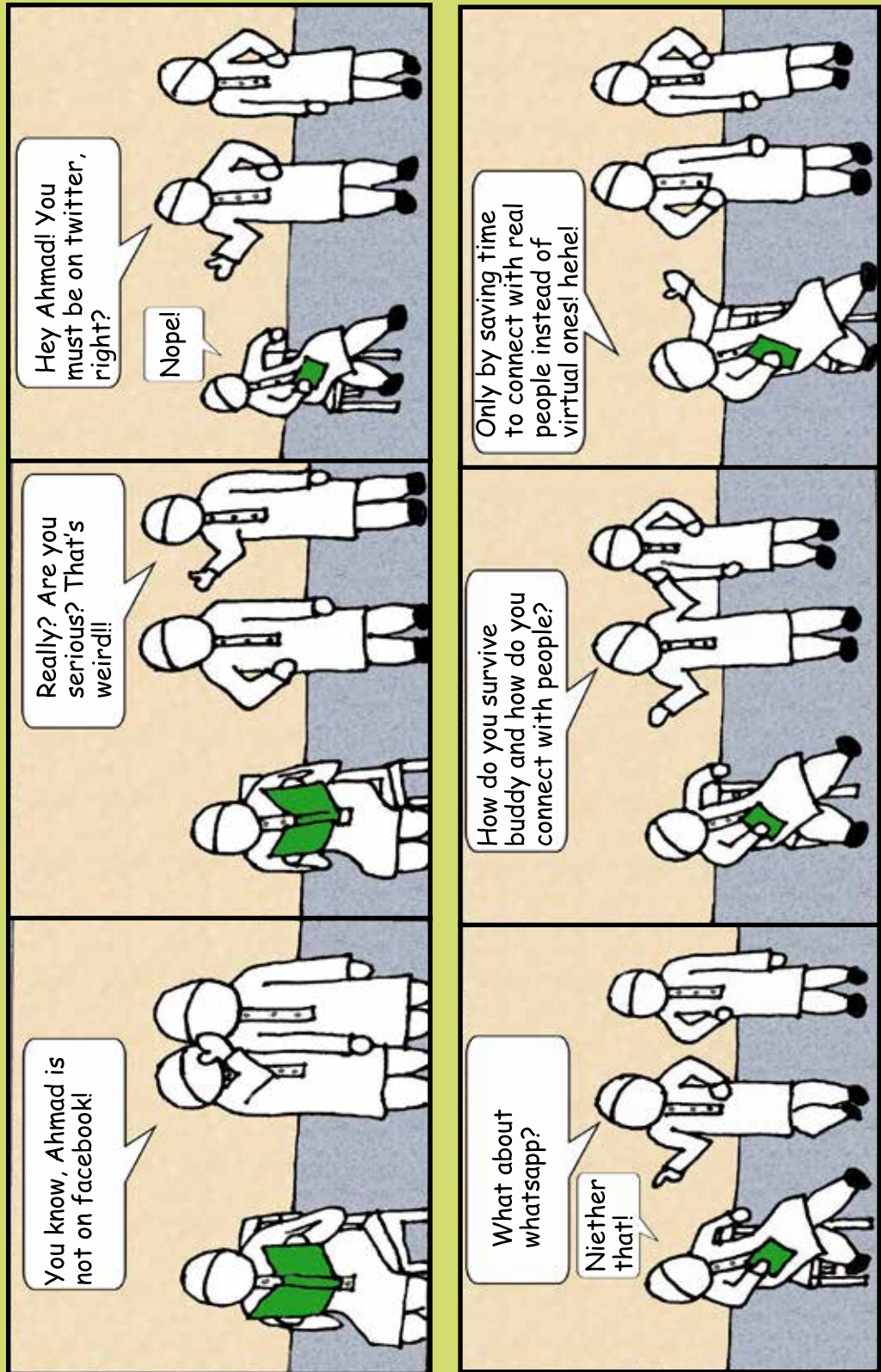
With half-yearly exams around the corner for most of us, here is a dua to help us develop focus and concentration in our studies. Best of luck!

For concentration in studies

"My Lord, I seek refuge in You from the incitements of the devils,

And I seek refuge in You, my Lord, lest they be present with me." (23: 97-98)

Social Net-Working

by ***Zawjah Zia***

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AAL-E-IMRAN 3:139
keep
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radiance